

THE
Newport Mercury
Published every SATURDAY by
F. A. PRATT & CO.,
AT CORNER OF
Market sq. & Thames street.
TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum; or
\$1.75 if paid strictly in advance.
Advertisements inserted at one
dollar per square (12 lines) for
the first three insertions, and seven
cents for each subsequent insertion.
Those who advertise by the year,
can make contracts on liberal terms.
The privilege of Annual Adver-
tising is limited to their own im-
mediate business; and all advertise-

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at the usual
rates.
Cards of acknowledgement, reli-
gious notices, and the like, one in-
sertion, 40 cents per square.
Births, marriages and deaths, in-
serted with no charge; but all ad-
vertisements of the ordinary announce-
ment, as obituary notices, &c., will be
charged at 4 cents per line, no charge
being less than 25 cents.
No paper will be discontinued
until arrearages are paid, except at
the option of the publishers.
Job Printing
in its various branches, executed
with despatch.
F. A. PRATT & CO., WM. MESSER.

Volume 102.

Number 5,280.

Children's Corner.

REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

(Continued.)
"What do you think of this description of the
city of New York?" I inquired of my aged friend.
"Well, I am inclined to think Washington
 Irving has exaggerated a little in order to make
an amusing picture. It was written after my
visit in 1792. But I was then struck with the in-
teresting details of the city, and should not have
been so difficult to believe that they had been
originally laid out by the cows returning from
pasture."
"I have a pamphlet entitled 'View of the City
of New York' (now New York) as it was in 1763,
by J. W. Montfort. I will give you some extracts
next week, but I think the children would now
be amused to read a description of a Dutch May-
or performing his duties in the city of New York
two hundred years ago. You may tell them, say-
ing friend, that this is not an exaggerated picture."
"At the head of the city militia the Mayor
held his daily parades before the City Hall, (then
called the Stads Huys). And every evening at
eight he received from the principal guard of the
city the keys of the fort. Thereupon he proceeded
with a guard of six to lock the city gates, then
placed a citizen guard as night watches at dif-
ferent points."
"At sunrise the Mayor again went the rounds
to open the gates and to restore the keys to the
principal guard. All this was a very tedious
service, and we should think, at this day, that
any Dutchman two hundred years ago, who loved
comfort and repose, would have been unwill-
ing to receive an appointment as Mayor of New
York, or as it was then called *Nieuw Amsterdam*.
AN OLD CITIZEN OF NEW-YORK.

A CHILD'S QUEST AND ITS EFFECT.

Tell me, Jesus, asked a simple child,
To a man that was hardened in sin,
Tell me of Christ, that suffered for men,
For I want to know him.
Tell me of Heaven, that blest abode,
Where saints and angels dwell;
Tell me of prayer, for I want to pray,
Dear papa can you tell?
That father's heart was broken down,
Tears gushed forth from his eyes,
These things he ne'er had thought upon;
So there he sat and wept.
But as the tears rolled gently down
From off that father's cheek,
The child looked up, and calmly said,
"Dear father, don't weep!"
That sinful man felt on his knees,
And sought his father's face;
He poured his soul to God in prayer,
And sought forgiving grace.
And God did hear that sinner's prayer,
He did his sins forgive,
And taught him how to pray aright,
And hid his spirit live.
With joy the father took his child,
And pressed her to his breast;
He taught her of a Saviour's love,
And of that Heavenly rest.

For the Child's Corner.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth.
Ps. xxi. 10.
The paths of the Lord! dear Father, I long
to tread them in childhood and youth,
never would follow my own path,
For mine are all wrong and lead to ruin.
"show me thy ways," and teach me to walk
With Thee, in my pilgrimage here—
as Caleb, I wholly would follow the Lord,
And walk in His ways without fear.
Thou, dearest Saviour, the guide of my youth,
And help me all evil to shun,
The paths of the Lord are all mercy and truth—
these blessed paths I would run.
"as looking to Jesus I'll press on my way,"
I would be faithful and true,
He is the way, the truth and the life,
And where He hath gone I shall go.
L. L.

Poetry.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are grey and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Stands gloomily o'er the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes all tall and rank,
Wave wood growth on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day thro',
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.
The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm hath stopp'd,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Are folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Sits down on the side of the old canoe.
The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Lies slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Being the mouldering dust of the old canoe.
Like the weary march of the hand of time,
That eats and part at the moonlight time;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.
Many a time with a careless hand
Have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down, where the stream runs
quick—
Where the whirled are wild and the eddies are
thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.
But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
Like the weary march of the hand of time,
That I love to think of the hours that flow,
As I rocked where the whirled wild spray
threw.
The blossoms waved on the green grass grew,
For the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

THERE'S A HOME BEYOND THE RIVER.

There's a home beyond the river,
Rising rolling dark and deep;
Sin and sorrow enter never,
Never there shall mortals weep.
Death stands sentinel so grimly,
Grinny by that awful shore;
Light beyond is seen so dimly,
Dinily as we're ferried o'er.
Visions of the future brightness,
Brightest gleam upon our view,
As death has sent the blackness,
Lakings of the Christ-break through.
Fear not, then! though dark and dreary—
Dreary is the passage o'er,
Landed safe in heaven, the weary—
Weary rest forevermore.

LITTLE RED-RIDINGHOOD.

BY MRS. FRANCES A. OSGOOD.

Dear little wanderer!
Dust along;
Now with a silver laugh,
Now with a song:
Little that loving heart,
Guileless and gay,
Dreamed of the evil
That darkened thy way.
Soft from thy crimson hood
Floated her hair,
Changing to gold
In the sunlit air;
Blue as the hair-bell
That, as she tripped by,
Kissed those light feet in love
Shone her young eye.
Bright as you rivalled,
Glanced to the day,
Dimpled her cheek
In her smile's sunny play.
Oh! 'tis a fable,
'Tis sin to believe!
How could the wolf
Such a darling deceive?
Say that she met him there!
That may be so;
Innocence walks not
Unperilled below;
But on the faith
Of a poet, the rest
Is but a lie,
And should be repressed.
Say that she met him there,
Face unto face,
Soft o'er the savage
The magic of grace,
Sweetness and purity,
Beauty and love,
Stole to his heart
Like the coo of a dove.
One earnest look
Of those eloquent eyes,
One music-tone
Of her childish surprise,
Melted the iron
Of evil design
Into soft homage
For grace so divine;
And if he spoke to her,
(So goes the tale),
These must have been the words
Glowed on the gaze—
"Joyous and innocent,
Bright as the day,
Little Red-Ridinghood,
Go on thy way!"
Flowers of the spring-tide,
Graceful and wild,
Never come harm to thee,
Beautiful child!
"Speed on thine errand
Unconscious of art,
Bloom on thy young cheek
And love in thy heart.
"Bare to the sunset
Those bright waving curls,
Fearless and frolicsome,
Fairest of girls.
"Fades with the day!
Little Red-Ridinghood
Haste on thy way!"

DON'T PITY YOURSELF.

Some have got a sad habit of thinking them-
selves the most injured people in the world. They
brood over ills and insults, and coldness and
disappointments, till they quite belie themselves
to be martyrs, bating only the stake and the fire.
If you want others to pity you, don't pity your-
self. Don't teach your children to pity them-
selves. It is unwomanly: it is poor and paltry.
Be above self-pity.

Useful Hints.

SIMPLE CURE FOR CHOLERA.—We find in the
Journal of Health, the following simple remedy for
this dangerous disease. Those who have
passed nights of agony at the bedside of loved
children, will treasure it up as a valuable piece
of information:
If a child is taken with cramp, apply cold
water—ice water if possible—suddenly and
freely to the neck and chest with a sponge—
The breathing will instantly be relieved. Soon
as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it
can, then wipe it dry, cover it up warmly, and
soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's
anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to
the Power which has given to the pure gushing
fountain such medical qualities.

TO FASTEN KNIFE HANDLES.—In well made
table cutlery the handles are riveted to the
shank or the blade, and will remain fixed with
ordinary care. These, though costing more at
first, will prove cheapest, and we would purchase
no other. When knives or forks have come off
the handle from being carelessly put in hot
water or otherwise, a cement made as follows
will be useful to refasten them: Take of Gum
Shellac two parts, and prepared chalk one part;
reduce them to powder and mix thoroughly.
Fill the opening in the handle with the mixture,
heat the shank of the knife and press it in. So
says the Chemical Gazette.

It is generally acknowledged that pure sperm
is the best oil for lubricating machinery. Al-
though higher in price than other oils, it is not
considered more expensive, because it affords
such good results, and is the most durable.
This opinion we have derived from several
mechanics, who have tried various kinds of oils.
A cheaper oil, equally as good, is desirable, be-
cause a vast annual expenditure on rail roads
and in factories is incurred for this lubricator.
Common whale oil can be much improved for
lubricating purposes by boiling it with sal soda
for half an hour. About one ounce of soda
only is used to the gallon; and when boiled,
it is allowed to settle until a sediment falls to
the bottom. The clear is then run off, and used
for the machinery.

THERE is no rain in the upper portion of the
atmosphere. If, even in the tropics, we ascend
only three miles into the air, the rays of the
sun seem to have lost their power, and we shiv-
er with the cold. If the moisture is here con-
densed at all, it is in the form of hail or snow,
which melts into rain only after it has fallen in-
to the lower and warmer air. Warm air will
hold more moisture than cold air; and when
warm air that has become saturated with mois-
ture is cooled, a portion of the water is squeezed
out of it, and falls in the form of snow, hail or
rain.

Selected Tale.

THE CONVENT BRIDE.

BY E. ARMY.

Clide Hurst was about to die; he lay
upon a luxurious couch, watching, with an
expression of intense pain, the countenance
of the physician as he counted the beatings
of his pulse, which was to determine the
length of his mortal being. With a hollow
moan his eyes closed, large tears coursing
down his hollow cheeks, as the doctor gave
no hopes of his life after sunrise.

It was now nine o'clock of the evening,
the winds howled in sad notes without,
sending the rain in a deluge against the
window; ever and anon the heavy peals
of thunder shook the dwelling, while the
lightning glared through the thick folds
of the massive curtains. It was a fearful
night to die. A shaded light burnt upon
the table, leaving the features of the dying
man in shadowy ghastliness. The outlines
of his form beneath the covering, as he
lay straight and motionless, gave indica-
tions of many proportions of height and
breadth; his bared arm that lay passive
as the doctor had placed it, showed strong
muscular formation; his hand was fair,
and on one finger sparkled a diamond ring.
His dark hair, slightly sprinkled with gray,
lay in glossy waves over an unusually
broad, high brow. Firm and white his
teeth shone through his pallid lips as they
parted to give vent to the struggles of in-
ward emotion. Clide Hurst was dying in
the prime of life; it cost him bitter pangs
of regret to yield thus early to the fell de-
stroyer. The physicians sat by the table,
shading his face with his hands; he too
lamented the inevitable death of one so
young, surrounded by all the luxuries that
ensure comfort and afford pleasure to the
refined intellectual elite.

Clide Hurst was a bachelor; he was
dying alone, only his domestics surrounded
him; he was wealthy, broad lands were
his, and a costly mansion stored with art,
usefulness and ease; these were to be dis-
posed of within a few hours. The doctor
waited his orders, before calling his house-
hold to his bedside.

Clide Hurst was strong even in death;
his emotion had passed, he unclosed his
eyes, and gave orders in a clear, distinct
voice, and with eyes red from weeping, his
faithful secretary and nurse came to his
bedside to watch and fulfill his last wishes
for he was rarely deluded by all his house-
hold. While the nurse bathed his brow
and moistened his parched lips, he dictated
his will to the secretary, in presence of the
doctor.

Clide Hurst had one male friend, and
one only relative, a female. Lloyd Mortimer
had been the friend of his bosom from
youth to manhood, partner of his joys and
sorrows, of his troubles abroad and soli-
tary hours at home, yet never had Clide
spoken of this relative, Ida Hurst, his
niece, daughter of a beloved sister, ruined
and dead, her child reared in a convent.
To these two individuals Clide Hurst
left his heritage, if they were united in
marriage before his death. Messengers
were dispatched through storm and dark-
ness to summon these persons to his death-
bed.
Three hours of weary watching had
passed. Lloyd Mortimer stood by the side
of his friend; their hands clasped in vows
of eternal friendship and fidelity. Lloyd
Mortimer might have been taken for a
brother of Clide Hurst, so much he resem-
bled him in height and features. His manly
form shook with uncontrollable emotion, as
he listened to the last words of friendship
from his dying friend, and pressing his lips
to his brow, he promised faithful obedience
to his wishes.

A female closely veiled knelt opposite,
the left arm of the dying man encircled
her form as a shield of protection in her
utter loneliness. Her face was buried in
the covering, while convulsive sobs and
moans shook the trembling form of Ida
Hurst. These two were alone, then came
the minister and the household to witness
the marriage ceremony of Lloyd Mortimer
and Ida Hurst; these two, with no
previous knowledge of each other's exist-
ence, were pronounced man and wife. It
seemed to the parties and witnesses but an
awful form imposed by a dying man, a
sacrifice on the altar of friendship.

Clide Hurst was ready to die, he pressed
the shrinking bride to his bosom, murmured
a few words of endearment and bade the
nurse lead her to her mother's suit of
rooms.

The morning sun shone not on the form
of Clide Hurst. Amid the rattling storm,
in the darkness of night, reclining on the
bosom of his friend, his spirit had taken
flight in a darkened room he slept the
sleep that knows no waking.

LETTER FROM LLOYD MORTIMER TO PIERRE VERNON.

My dear friend!—In my last I gave
you an account of the untimely death of
my invaluable friend, I will not trouble
you again with the rehearsal of my unmiti-
gated sorrow; dark is the earth even yet
without the twin spirit of my soul. I told
you also of my singular marriage with the

niece of my friend and the consequent heri-
tage. Without considering the binding
qualities of my new relationship, I gave
promise to join you in the eastern tour.—
But you will find, my dear Pierre, if you are
ever fortunate enough to get a wife, that a
Benedict is not a bachelor. I say fortune-
nate, because at this moment I am the hap-
piest of men—aside from my great sorrow
—and would willingly renounce any pro-
spect, however brilliant in anticipation, if the
fair hand of my darling Ida was raised
against it.

I know you will be delighted with the
romance of my courtship aside from the
veil that surrounds it. Of course I stand
deeply criminated in not paying timely
devoirs to my charming bride; but I did
not feel at liberty to claim her as part of the
heritage without her special commission. I
considered myself as her protector, nothing
more; it was sufficient if my body was
bountifully provided for with no restraint
upon her time or wishes. All this I left
with the secretary, believing he understood
such matters better than myself.

My wife was the last person that occu-
pied my thoughts; indeed I knew not who
or what I had married, except that she was
the niece of my friend; and strange to say
I did not care to know, so blinded was I with
sorrow; even if Mrs. Mortimer had been
the most fascinating smiles upon me,
I feel as if I should have repelled her
advances; fortunately for my repose she
was young, modest and belonged to the
convent, and therefore liked seclusion.

Ida was closely veiled during the mar-
riage ceremony, and I do not remember to
have had a desire to see her face, so over-
whelmed was I with grief. Madame Tell
led her from the room and I saw no more
of my wife, and forgot almost the exist-
ence of Mrs. Mortimer, who occupied the
suit of rooms formerly her mother's, in the
north wing above; my rooms being below
on the first floor north, we never came in
contact. The house is after Clide's own
heart, large and elegant, with nearly fifty
spacious rooms, besides the culinary de-
partment, all furnished as magnificently as
his own refined taste ever suggested.

The reception of your letter which con-
tained your anticipated journey, inviting me
to join you in the pilgrimage, I received
about three months after the death of Clide.
It broke me to the heart, and I should indeed
change the scene, or I should indeed join
him in the tomb. I made immediate prepa-
ration, and after arranging my own af-
fairs, I summoned my Secretary and was
about giving orders during my absence,
after stating that I was about to leave for
two or three years, when I was arrested
by the rather peculiar and scornful look of
said Secretary. He is a man of fifty, has
been in the service of Clide many years, he
has an eye for a bargain and a hand for
business, and is honorable withal, in the
strictest sense of honor. I returned his
look with a "Well, sir." "I beg your par-
don," he said in a sharp, sarcastic tone,
"would it not be well for you to inform
Mrs. Mortimer of your intentions? She is
of age and might be interested in the dis-
posal." Here was a thunderbolt. I felt
it and staggered a little; sure am I that I
grew pale to be so politely informed that I
had a wife, whom I had forgotten and ne-
glected. "Mrs. Mortimer!" I repeated
rather laconically, smoothing my beard—
I was about denying all claim to Mrs.
Mortimer and shaking off the yoke at once,
since I must consult that lady, but honor
forbade, yet very strangely "Mrs. Mortimer"
sounded in my ears for the first time.

I think I bowed to the rather amused
Secretary twice, for teaching me a married
man's duty. I wrote a hasty, polite note
to Mrs. Mortimer, introducing myself by
letter, telling her my arrangements and
saying that I would call on her ladyship
previous to my departure, which the Sec-
retary received and delivered.

"Mrs. Mortimer," surely my ears must
be echoing, so many times did that name
repeat itself. I tried to impress myself
with the importance of my matrimonial re-
lationship, but it interfered with my plan.
Must I stay at home and play the lady's
man? Not I, long ago I had passed that
age of folly. Women are well enough but
I did not care for them. Clide, my life,
my joy, my spirit and soul, he was my all,
but never loved I being like him; what
was woman's love compared to his? No,
it was evident I could never love again,
he was my all. I sank again in despair
and wept afresh.

Yet above my groans rose the name of
Mrs. Mortimer. Ida was his niece, that
was a comfort; she might—perhaps she
might possess a spark of his spirit that
would be joy again. But no; she was
only a woman, a child, how could her small
soul hold a ray of the divine love of Clide?
Still the echo of "Mrs. Mortimer" made
me reflect and thus at last I was brought to
think of her. I rubbed my stupid brow
and tried to kindle a fire on the cold altars
of my heart.

How shall I present myself to my wife
should I give her the kiss she ought to
have had three months ago? What excuse
could I render for not recognizing her ex-
istence? Was she pretty and foolish? or
ugly and sensible?

I did wish heartily I had been introduced
to Mrs. Mortimer at least during my honey-
moon, it was so awkward, starting at ones
wife for the first time and then, not being
positive whether it was indeed the person
you had married or her chambermaid.

How would she receive me? blushing
like a peony, chiding me for neglect? or
with tones of gentle entreaty? I hoped
so; indeed I did; then I should glory in
single blessedness forever, with no earthly
love between the spirit love of my im-
mortal friend. Now more than ever did I
condemn hasty marriages—yet was this
not Clide's dying wish? I bowed my
spirit to his will and tried to seem a mar-
ried man.

It was an ugly affair. I had much rather
my Secretary had confined himself to
his own profession. What right had he to
interfere between man and wife, making a
disturbance where we never had the least
difficulty—it was an unpardonable of-
fence.

I dreaded an interview with Mrs. Mortimer.
If I could have escaped with honor,
I should now have been with you. It was
nearly sunset before I ascended the stairs
leading to her apartments, guided by the
Secretary. I think I looked like a person
going to execution; I felt so at least, yet
I hadn't a doubt but that I should join
you on the morrow, and this would be my
farewell to Mrs. Mortimer.

I think my heart palpitated audibly as I
was bowed into my lady's room, and left
alone with the rather loud introduction of
"Mr. Mortimer, Mrs. Mortimer, your hus-
band, madam, your wife, sir. What a
farce! Good heavens! Could Mrs. Mortimer
be lame or foolish? she did not rise to
meet me, but sat motionless behind the
window curtain, with only her skirts and
feet visible. I thought her feet delicate,
and should have liked a peep at her face,
but that she was careful to conceal, and I
was far too haughty to ask a woman the
privilege of gazing at her, though she were
my wife. If Mrs. Mortimer was a fool then
so much the better. If she had no man-
ners I should not be her instructor, so I
began to converse incoherently. Politely begging
her pardon for intruding, I stated my reasons,
and inquired if I could serve her in any
respect before leaving. Mrs. Mortimer
placed her perhaps in an unhappy position,
then, out of the great generosity of my
heart I dilated on her entire freedom, giv-
ing her all the privileges of a maiden, dis-
claiming all right to restrain her action, and
begging she would be as happy as possible.
Ah, Pierre, I felt myself a noble fellow just
then, for setting such an example for hus-
bands! My wife should have her own
will. No voice said yes or nay, but the
curtain trembled and I thought I heard a
faint sob. Being in no mood for a scene
and justified in my proceedings by the stu-
pidity of Mrs. Mortimer, I prepared for
my exit, bidding the pretty feet good night
in a gentle, manly manner, closing the door
of her apartment softly behind me. And
now that my first marriage duty was per-
formed, and I was safe in my bachelor hall
again, I was ready to depart on the mor-
row, congratulating myself that no opposi-
tion was raised.

But Pierre, my dear fellow, did your con-
science ever rise up suddenly, as you were
about eating your supper, perhaps toasting
your soul on mountain billows, until you fell
prostrate, dizzy and sick with conviction,
strong as heaven's light, that you were
guilty of a base act, perpetrated against
some one, perhaps a dear friend, dead or
living it matters not, if the spirit rises, like
a reproaching ghost? So to me came the
noble spirit of my friend, filling my soul
with anguish, causing me to rise hastily
from my evening repast, and sending me
in deep humiliation to meditation in soli-
tude.

I sat bowed in sorrow in the library of
Clide while his ample spirit filled the room.
I had wronged my friend, neglected his only
charge. Was it for this he had given me
his wealth that I selfishly enjoyed, while
the rightful heir wept alone in misery? I
knew it was a sob I heard; she too wept
for Clide. How my stoical indifference
must have sounded in her ears! and I, the
pretended friend of her uncle's! and I to
treat her thus and then abandon her! She
was young, timid, reared in a convent, what
did she know of the manners of the world?
No wonder she hid herself and wept. Poor
child! I must have seemed like a wild
beast to her! How roughly I harangued
her, as if she had been the most designing
woman. No woman she did not speak, I
insulted the woman's nature. God forgive
me; I am not fit for companionship, so
long have I nursed this selfish feeling.

The moon filled the room with a sad,
pale light, and I knew the spirit of Clide
was there in judgement over me. In my
love for him I had abused the pledge of
his love for me; how could I regain his
favor? Tears of contrition rained down
my cheeks, and when I cried "O, my friend,
light of my soul, smile upon the selfish clay
of thy friend, and let his spirit again hold
sweet converse with thine." I heard a sigh
which I almost believed was the spirit of

Clide in answer. I sat breathless with my
face toward the window, almost expecting
to see his shadow pass—one moment of
suspense, followed by another sigh so
mournful that I was startled. I arose
quickly and turned to the spot whence the
sound proceeded and came in contact with
a figure closely veiled. I uttered an ex-
clamation, and stretched out my hand to
see if it were tangible. Without a sound
it retreated toward the door as if to elude
me. I sprang forward and gently seized
the figure, which proved to be flesh by the
touch. Again that same heart-breaking
sob sounded behind the veil, and so vio-
lently trembled the figure that the floor
appeared to quiver beneath my feet. "Speak
to me," I said, and drew her closer, for I
knew it was my wife. Then she broke forth
in the most uncontrollable grief, throwing
herself on the sofa, and burying her face
in the pillow.

Like a penitent husband as I was, for-
getting all my own selfish anticipations, I
knelt by her side and implored forgiveness,
alleging my deep grief as the cause of my
neglect to her and of my departure. Good
heavens! Was Mrs. Mortimer dumb or
obstinate? Not a word could I obtain;
though I entreated her to speak to me, her
sobs only increased.

How I came in possession of her hand,
I know not, but the soft, delicate touch
thrilled my pulse. By the pale moonlight
I saw the ring of Clide upon her finger.—
It was our wedding ring. I remember
how hurriedly I placed it there on that
fateful night, and forgot it as soon. I
pressed the ring to my lips, and the hand
until it grew cold beneath my burning kiss-
es. The trembling form was still. O
how light and perfect was that childish
form as I lifted it in my arms and bore it
to the open window. I pressed her head
to my throbbing heart, and kissed the sac-
red veil before lifting it from her face.—
But suspense was growing torture, I re-
moved the veil between us. Pierre, did
you ever see a perfect angel? No, of
course you never did—you never saw my
wife. It is only in her that you can behold
seraphic beauty. I sank in the window
seat weaker than a child, weeping over the
very loveliness I gazed upon so tenderly.

This then was the angel I had scorned.
Never had I seen features so perfect,
Luxuriant dark curls ran over her posses-
sion and neck below her waist, long lash-
es fringed her lids and every feature was
perfect as a star, and they were Clide's—
the same classic mould, softened and re-
fined to the most delicate formation. Her
parted lips revealed the most perfect gems.
The cool evening air brought her to life
again. She opened her eyes with a start;
I kissed her again and again, calling her
the spirit of Clide; her silent tears bathed
my cheek. Then I won her name and
drew from her an opinion of my ungracious
self. She did not blame me, only she was
glad that I loved her at last. Ida sealed
my forgiveness with a kiss—and so the
eastern tour proved but a bachelor's dream.
You may be sure I thanked my Secretary
very sincerely for the lesson he gave me,
and rewarded him by taking Mrs. Mortimer
wholly to myself. Though reared in a
convent, she is the most charming and
delightful companion, wise as Minerva,
beautiful as Venus. But my dear fellow I
am giving you a tremendous letter. I close
with this advice; if ever you marry, be
sure you have as early an introduction to
your wife as possible, especially if she is a
convent bride. Adieu.
Yours, MORTIMER.

Causes of Drowning.

In Dr. Arnott's Physics, the causes of
drowning are thus succinctly stated:

1. Their believing the body to be heavier
than water, which it is not; and, there-
fore, that continued exertion is necessary
to keep them swimming, by which means
they become the sooner exhausted.
2. From a fear that water, by entering
the ears, may drown, a wasteful exertion
of strength is made to prevent it; the truth
being, however, that it can only fill the
outer ear, or as far as the membrane of
the drum, and is therefore of no conse-
quence. Every diver and swimmer has
his ears filled with water, and with impu-
nity.
3. Persons unaccustomed to water, and
in danger of being drowned, generally at-
tempt, in their struggles, to keep the hands
above the surface, from feeling as if their
hands were tied while held below; but this
act is most hurtful, because any part of the
body kept out of the water in addition to
the face, which must be out, requires an
effort to support it, which the individual is
supposed at the time to be incompetent to
afford.
4. Not knowing the importance of keep-
ing the chest as full of air as possible, the
doing of which has nearly the same effect
as tying a bladder of air to the neck; and,
without other efforts, will cause nearly the
whole head to remain above the water. If
the chest be once emptied, while, from the
face being under water, the person cannot
inhale again, the body remains specifically
heavier than water, and will sink.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1761

As they have been at considerable ex-
pense, they humbly hope that the inhabi-
tants will grant them their protection; and
if they are so happy as to meet with en-
couragement, they purpose to give a ben-
efit night for the support of the poor.

The following recommendation, copied
from the original, was signed by the Gov-
ernor, Council and near one hundred of the
principal gentlemen of Virginia:

WILLIAMSBURG, June 11, 1761.
"The company of comedians under the
direction of David Douglass, have per-
formed in this colony for near a twelve-
month; during which time they have made
it their constant practice to behave with
prudence and discretion in their private
characters, and to use their utmost en-
deavors, to give general satisfaction in their
public capacity. We have therefore thought
proper to recommend them as a company
whose behavior merits the favor of the
public and who are capable of entertaining
a sensible and polite audience."

A town meeting was called for the pur-
pose of allowing the company to perform
in the town, but the meeting passed the
following vote:

"They shall not act plays in town."
This vote must have been reversed short-
ly after, for in the *Mercury* of September
15th we find the following article:

Newport, Sept. 15.
"On Monday, the 17th inst., the Com-
pany of the Provoked Wife or a Journey
to London, was acted at the theatre, by the
Company of Comedians in this town, for
the benefit of the poor; when the sum of
one thousand and thirty pounds, old ten-
or, was raised for that purpose; the money
was yesterday paid by Mr. Douglass, in
behalf of the Company, into the hands of
Mr. George Gibbs, who has generously un-
dertaken to lay it out in corn, which he will
store till the winter and then deal it out to
such of the poor as shall be judged worthy
to receive it. Notice will be given in this
paper when the corn is ready and such as
deserve the charity, will then be informed
how they shall be supplied."

By tradition we have always understood
that those were the first plays performed
in the English colonies North of Virginia,
part or most part of the town called East-
on's Point, near Dyer's gate.

In the *Newport Mercury* of Nov. 3,
1761, we find the following article by which
it appears the plays ended for the season.

"On Friday evening last the company of
Comedians finished their performances in
this town, by acting the tragedy of Doug-
lass, for the benefit of the poor. This sec-
ond

THE Virginians were at last accounts making great preparations for the execution of the remaining prisoners at Charlestown, which was to take place yesterday. GREENE and COPELAND were to be hung at 11 o'clock, and COOK and COPPIN at 3 o'clock. Nineteen companies were on guard. STEVENS and HAZLETT are still to be tried.

The inducements held out by the American Art Association, as set forth in their advertisements, should be sufficient to secure a large number of subscribers. For the amount of subscription the subscriber gets a beautiful engraving of SHAKESPEARE and his friends, and the *Art Journal*, a quarterly publication. He is also entitled to a ticket which may possibly secure a winning of great value.

On Geology which are to be given by Prof. DEAN, at Narraingssett Hall, this evening and Monday evening. The subject is one of much usefulness to all, and the present opportunity to obtain this information in regard to the structure and mineral constitution of the globe should not be lost. Prof. DEAN has made the subject a study for years, and with the assistance of maps and minerals is enabled to make the theme one of great interest.

The U. S. House of Representatives made two attempts to elect a Speaker Thursday, but failed.

FIRE IN NEW BEDFORD.—The house No. 62 William street, and two or three adjoining buildings, were destroyed by fire about 2 o'clock Wednesday morning.

♦ ♦ ♦

VERA CRUZ advises to the 10th inform us that the steam corvette Brooklyn was soon to sail for New Orleans, bearing the ratified treaty with Mexico.

♦ ♦ ♦

The editor of an Indiana paper says, "more illianis is on foot." We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

♦ ♦ ♦

CAPT. FRIEG ABORN, of Pawtuxet, fell dead in a shop in Providence on Thursday of last week.

There are in the United States (says the N. A. *Advertiser*) forty-eight Catholic Archbishops and Bishops, two mitred Abbots, and two thousand two hundred and twenty-three secular and regular Priests.

The Commission has been appointed to examine Boston Harbor, consisting of Prof. Baché, Col. Totten and Capt. Davis.

A private soldier in the British army is paid twenty-six shillings a day—out of which he has to

KING KAMEHAMEHA has resigned the sovereignty of the Sandwich Islands to his son, the prince of Hawaii; probably in view of the dissatisfaction at his shooting his Secretary.

THE Boston Traveller's correspondent at Windsor, Vt., under date of December 8th, announces the pardon of the once famous criminal, "Bristol Bill."

NAVAL.—The U. S. sloop-of-war *Vincennes*,

WASHINGTON IRVING leaves a large fortune to be divided amongst his nephews and nieces, or for the last eight or ten years he has probably received from his books alone, an average annual income of \$20,000.

MOSQUITOES are very small insects, but they have been known to move a man weighing several hundred pounds, and keep him moving a whole night at that.

SIX young ladies took the white veil at the Catholic church in Reading, Pa., on Thursday.

has the last few days a very large and va-
riety of rich Brussels, Brussels Tapestry, 8
Ingrain carpets, really handsome and al-
so star Carpets and Oil Cloths of all
kinds and prices. Customers are wanted
for this a very favorable time to purchase,
the goods being very large and well selected.—
We have also Tapestries at one dollar a yard.

REMOVAL.

OUR SUBSCRIBER has removed his Market
to the North side of Washington Square
South side, where he hopes to receive
continued calls of his friends, who have so
extended their patronage to him in the
city will keep his market well supplied with
all kinds of Fruits and Vegetables, which will
be most reasonable rates.

WM. H. SHERMAN.

DR. MATTISON'S
REMEDIAL INSTITUTE
SPECIAL TREATMENT OF
No. 28 Union Street, Prov. R. I.

Circulars giving full information with references, testimonials, &c., sent by mail. Also a pamphlet on Diseases of Women with observations on Private and Chronic Maladies generally, sent free by enclosing a stamp to Dr. N. MATTISON, as above.

At 100 Union Street, Providence, R. I.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A valuable farm for sale.

Not small, well built, and possession given

THE FARM on the south end of Providence

Island, containing six hundred and thirty acres

land, with a large two-story brick house, large

barn, and two other small buildings, and a

privilege of some three miles along the farm, for

soil, stone, sand and gravel.

The above farm can be bought at a great

bargain, as there are several owners who are anxious

to sell. For further particulars apply to

J. L. BAILEY, Agent,

20 Bay Street, Newport, R. I.

FOR NEW HOUSES, very pleasantly

situated in a new and growing part of the city.

Prices from two to four thousand dollars.

I cannot afford to keep so many houses in the

future. I will sell at a low price. Buy them

June 11th

FOR SALE.

THE HOUSE and LOT No. 211 Thames

street, bounded Easterly on said street about

45 feet and extending Westerly 100 feet.

The house is large and could be converted

into a boarding house, or used for any other

purpose it is well adapted, being one of the

most desirable situations for business on Thames

street. For terms apply to

Aug 13th

BY GEORGE C. MASON, CATHARINE STREET

TO LET.

A FIRST CLASS HOUSE and a Cottage on

the East side of Kay street, furnished, for the

season. The adjoining grounds are finely

cultivated and both places are very attractive.

Two FINE COTTAGES on Harrison Avenue,

furnished. These Cottages are very spacious

and will accommodate large families. The grounds

embrace five or six acres for each house, and the

view of the harbor and city is unsurpassed.

TO LET.—A good, comfortable Cottage on

Elizabeth street—a good chance for a person

to rent a snug place in a healthy street.

TO RENT.—A tenement in Rensselaer street,

pleasantly located, and with ample room

for a family of moderate size.

TO RENT.—Furnished houses and cottages

to rent for the season of 1880.

FOR SALE.

THE BRICK HOUSE on Mill street and

nearly opposite George street, will be sold on

liberal terms to any one wanting a first rate

winter and summer residence. The location, facing

Thames Park, is unsurpassed, the house is new,

having been entirely rebuilt within two years,

(with the exception of the outer walls) which are

superior to any modern brick house, of the best

materials and in the most workmanlike manner.

The rooms are all large and convenient, supplied

with closets, dressing-rooms, &c. There is an

abundant supply of well and rain water, brought

into the house, bath rooms, &c., a furnace in the

cellar, and everything in fact that could be

desired to make it a comfortable and desirable

residence. The owner has decided to reside

elsewhere is the only reason for offering it for sale.

AN EXCELLENT FARM on the West Road,

West side, and just beyond Lawton's Valley,

containing about 30 acres of land under good

cultivation, a fine orchard and a comfortable house,

with barn, &c. For sale low.

FOR SALE.—A fine house, corner of

Washington and Willow streets. It is fitted

for two families and is in excellent repair.

FOR SALE.—Several hundred cords of

stone, on the Island lot, suitable for building

COTTRELL & BRYER,
FURNITURE
Manufacturers and Furnishers
of
COPPIES
With the necessary appendages.
All orders promptly attended to.
59 Thames street, Newport, R. I.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

VANDERVEER'S

SCHIEDAM

SCHNAPPS

WITH HIGHLY

MEDICINAL

PROPERTIES

RECOMMENDED

BY THE

FACULTY

J. M. L. B. & CO.

11 Broadway

NEW YORK

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
A compound remedy, in which we have
blended the most active and valuable
ingredients that can be made. It is a powerful
and efficient remedy, for the treatment of
all the diseases of the blood, and for the
purification of the system. It is a most
valuable and useful remedy, and is
the most healthful and refreshing of all
drinks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

VANDERVEER'S

SCHIEDAM

SCHNAPPS

WITH HIGHLY

MEDICINAL

PROPERTIES

RECOMMENDED

BY THE

FACULTY

J. M. L. B. & CO.

11 Broadway

NEW YORK

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILLIAM NEWTON & CO.

11 Broadway, N. Y. Sole Importers.

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

RUSSIA SALVE
A compound remedy, in which we have
blended the most active and valuable
ingredients that can be made. It is a powerful
and efficient remedy, for the treatment of
all the diseases of the blood, and for the
purification of the system. It is a most
valuable and useful remedy, and is
the most healthful and refreshing of all
drinks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH.

VANDERVEER'S

SCHIEDAM

SCHNAPPS

WITH HIGHLY

MEDICINAL

PROPERTIES

RECOMMENDED

BY THE

FACULTY

J. M. L. B. & CO.

11 Broadway

NEW YORK

AS A DRINK

It is the most pure, palatable and wholesome

and it counteracts the evil effects of over-indulgence and excess

and is a most valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE LADIES

It may be found a valuable and useful beverage, and is

the most healthful and refreshing of all drinks.

FOR THE NURSERY

While medicinal in its effects for the relief of pain in the

stomach and bowels, it is a most powerful tonic for the

system, and is a most valuable and useful beverage.

Sold by WILL